

10
LECTURE ON HEADS,

AS DELIVERED

By Mr. PALMER,^K

AT THE

ROYALTY THEATRE.

A PICTURE of the PLAYHOUSE;

O R,

BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

By Mr. Palmer.

The Golden Days of GOOD QUEEN BESS!

WRITTEN

By Mr. COLLINS,

AUTHOR of the BRUSH.

LECTURE ON HEADS.

Ladies and Gentlemen,



BY all the laws of laughing, every man has an undoubted right to play the fool with himself: under that licence this Exhibition is attempted.—Good wine needs no bush;—the bad deserves none:—If what I have to offer meets with your approbation, you will applaud it; if otherwise, it will meet with the contempt it deserves.—Some of these heads are manufactured in wood, and others in pasteboard, to denote that there are not only Block-heads, but Paper Sculls.

No. 1. This is one of those extraordinary personages called Conquerors. He was called ALEXANDER the GREAT, from the great number of people his ambition had cut to pieces; He was a most dexterous slaughter-man; and thought mankind only made for him to cut away with; he was a great hero, warrior, and man-killer—Formerly. And—No. 2. This is the head of a CHEROKEE CHIEF, called Sachem Swampum Scalpo-Tomahawk;—He was a great hero, warrior, and man-killer—Lately. And

No. 3. This is the head of a QUACK DOCTOR;—a greater mankiller than either of the other two. The head of the quack-doctor is exhibited to shew the weakness of wisdom, and the strength of folly; for if wisdom was not too weak, would such fellows as Carmen, Coblers and Porters be permitted to vend their unwholesome mixtures, under letters patent?—and if folly was not too strong, would any body swallow their Composition!—The
madness

madness of * this head made him a conqueror.—The folly of the town dubb'd † this a doctor—The exploits of Alexander are celebrated by half the great writers of the age! and yet this Alexander was nothing more than a murderer and a madman; who ran from one end of the world to the other, seeking whom he might cut to pieces:—and this ‡ copper complexioned hero wants nothing to make him as great as Alexander, but the rust of antiquity to varnish over his crimes, and the pens of writers to illustrate his actions.—The quack-doctor is his own historian; and publishes, in the Daily Advertiser and Gazeteer, accounts of cures never performed, and copies of affidavits never sworn to.

No. 4. Here is the quack-doctor's coat of arms;—three ducks proper; and Quack, Quack, Quack, for the motto.—† Is charged round with Death's heads; and by way of crest, a number of quack puffs and bills of mortality.—It was made up for him by the worshipful company of Undertakers, and presented to him by the sextons and gravediggers; to denote, that these people look upon quack doctors as their greatest benefactors.

No. 5. The ornaments of || this head, are not for what the wearer has done; on the contrary, he bears about with him the constant memorial of the faults of others, and is, by the ill judging part of the world, condemned for crimes he could not commit, and the very commission of which constitutes all his unhappiness. These horns, like the cornucopia of the ancients, signify plenty; and denotes, that this head hath abundance of brethren in affliction; they are gilt, to shew, that there are wretches bale enough to accept the wages of dishonour, even in a point the most delicate.—This brass Buck's head, we all well know, is made use of both in public and private houses; nor had it been made in this shape, but to accustom mankind not only to the sight of horns, but to the use of hanging their hats on them.

* Alexander. † The Quack Doctor. ‡ Cherokee Chief.
|| The head of a Cuckold.

No. 5. This

No: 5. This is **NOBODY's** Head, or, the head of nobody; because thus adorned with a fool's cap, nobody chuses to own it. — Historians have left us in the dark with respect to these hood bonnets; but it is however supposed, that the first who wore them was Judge Midas, who had the inimitable art of turning every thing he touched into gold; and now touch some people with gold, and you may make any thing of them; money-getting consisting in the art of making fools wise; or of suffering ourselves to be made fools of.

No. 6. Life is said to be a lottery; and folly concerned in the chances. — Now let us see if this fool's cap has got any prizes! — This may appear as a satire against card playing, but 'tis not a just one; on the contrary, most card players are said to belong this * family, and generally bear their name; they are called **COURT CARDS**, because, when they are turned up trumps, they become honours — Which shews, if you deal fairly, you may gain honours, and that often, honours or no honours, depend entirely on a shuffle.

No. 7. This **CREST** belongs to those easy kind of mortals, who are said to be nobody's enemy but their own. They are divided into three classes; there are your generous fellows, — your honest fellows — and your devilish clever fellows. — As to your generous fellow, he is treat master; your honest fellow, he is a singing master, who is to keep the company alive for four or five hours; and then your devilish clever fellow is to drink them all dead. — They married into Folly's family, and got this crest, — “the fool's cap.” — And which to this day nobody chuses to be known by.

No. 8. If you ask why we so frequently use the term nothing, let this serve as a reason: from ten to twenty we go to school to learn, what, from twenty to thirty we are strangely apt to forget; from thirty to forty, we think things must needs be as we would have them; from forty to fifty, we find ourselves a little out in our reckoning; and from fifty to sixty, upon casting up life's debtor and

creditor,

* Four knaves.

creditor, we find † this the certain ballance. These are a number of nothings, which in their present state, have no power of consequence; yet, even by the addition of one, they take the rank and precedence immediately; which shews, that in life, as well as in arithmetic, nothing may be turned into something, by the assistance of any one lord of a golden manor; take away the one, and they are nothing again.—To nothing we must all come; happy are they, who amidst the variations of nothing, have nothing to be ashamed of. If they have nothing to fear, they have every thing to hope.—Thus ends the dissertation on nothing; which the exhibitor hopes he has properly executed—by making nothing of it.

PART II.

IN the first part of this lecture we considered mens heads, in the second part we shall consider the head dresses of the fine ladies: for as the world is round, and every thing turns round with it; so no lunar, nor sublunar revolution, hath caused greater alteration in the affairs of men; than hath from time to time taken place in the head dresses of the ladies.

No. 9. This is the hood in high taste at the lower end of the town; and while this is wore by lady Mary, lady Betty, lady Susan, and women of great distinction, this is wore by plain MOLL, and BESS and SUE, and women without any distinction at all! This is the invariable mode or head dress of those ladies who used to supply the court end of the town with sea-dainties, before land carriage for fish came into fashion! And there is not more difference between the head dress of these ladies, than in their mode of conversation; for while these fine ladies are continually making inroads upon their mother tongue, and clipping polysyllables into monosyllables; as, when they tell us they cant, and they shaant, and they maant; these coarse ladies

† A board held up with a parcel of noughts.

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make ample amends for their deficiency, by the addition of supernumerary syllables; when they talk of breakfastes and toastesses, and running their fistesses against the postesses.

No. 10. These are the ancient laughing and crying philosophers, perpetual presidents of the noble and venerable order of the Groaners and the Grinners. No. 11. This the president of the dismal faction, is always crying for fear the world should not last his time out;—This, the member of the Choice Spirits, egad, he don't care whether it does or not. This laughs at the times; this cries at the times; and this blackguards the times; and thus the times are generally handled. Old people praise the times past, which they neglected to use when they might; young people look forward with anxious care to the time to come, neglecting the present: and almost all people treat the present times, as some folks do their wives—with indifference, because they may possess them.

From Minerva's helmet, the ladies seem to have taken the custom of wearing bonnets; the pompoon or egret, from the half moon that encircled the temple of Diana.

From the ancients, too, came the custom of giving lectures; Juno, that termagant of antiquity, being the first who ever gave her husband a lecture, and which, from the place where it was delivered, was called a curtain lecture! And philosophers are of opinion, that these curtain lectures are not yet entirely out of fashion.

No. 12. HOMER, the historian, from whom all these facts are taken, relates great things of the Zone, or GIRDLE OF VENUS;—and to it he ascribes great virtue: he says, whatever lady wears Venus' Girdle, will infallibly possess the beauties of Venus. Now, ladies, I have that very Girdle mentioned by Homer, and every lady will look lovely, as long as she chuses to appear in it*.

No. 13. This is a real antique, the morning head-dress of that celebrated demi-rep of antiquity, Cleopatra! This is what the astronomers call the night rain, or shrouding the moon in a cloud; and to this day, the ladies of Edin-

* Good Temper.

burgh

burgh when they go abroad in the morning, fold a tarpin about their head, or, as they express it, they 'keep their heads up in plaid'. But our ladies in the South disliking so comberous a fashion, and imagining that something whimsically like it might be the invention of a new fashion, invented this FRENCH NIGHT CAP, or cheek wrapper: A lady in this dress looks hooded like a horse with eye flaps, to keep them from looking one way or the other; and perhaps that is the reason why most ladies in our days choose to look forward! One would imagine that this cap was invented by some surly duenna, or ill natured guardian, who being past the relish of beauty themselves, would deny even the sight of it to the rest of mankind.

Since we are on the subject of ladies faces, permit me a word on the pernicious practice of face painting, or rubbing of rouge or white wash on the complexion. Women of the town may be allowed the use of paint, because the dexterity of their profession, like that of pirates, consists in fighting under false colours: but, for the delicate, the unculpable part of the sex to paint, looks as if they would fish for lovers, as men do for mackrel.—by hanging something red upon the hook; or as if they thought men were of the bull and turkey cock kind, and would fly at any thing scarlet. Exercise is the best face painter,—innocence the best giver of complexion. There is, however, a certain period in life among the ladies, no less an enemy to the face, than the custom of face painting, 'tis called antiquated virginity; when elderly unmarried ladies are supposed to be condemned to lead apes about, because when they were young and handsome, they made monkeys of mankind. SHAKESPEARE has beautifully described the difference of the two states in these few lines, thus:

"But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,

"Than thou, which withering on the virgin thorn,

"Lives, grows, and dies, in single blessedness".

We have here two heads from these lines of SHAKESPEARE, No. 14. This is the MARRIED ROSE. No. 15. And this is that withering on the Virgin Thorn. Disappointmentments

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pointments bring on wrinkles; the wrinkles, therefore, of this face are no cause for wonder: the best wines, if kept too long, will turn to vinegar. But as this subject seems to grow serious, we'll dismiss it with a wish,

"May each married lady preserve her good man,

"And the young ones get good ones as fast as they can."

No. 16. This is a most curious exhibition, and very likely to make the learned look about them; for as there is no mark or sign to discover what it is, 'tis a sure proof of its being a genuine antique.—It may for ought we know, be a King Solomon, or a Queen Semiramis, an old Venus or a new Nabob, a Methodist Preacher, or a Bottle Conjurer. It was intended to place the **FACE OF PROBABILITY** upon it, but that motion was soon laid aside, as people in our days are only fond of improbabilities; at length, a part of the bronze or plaster being rubbed off, a letter was discovered, by which it appeared to be the remains of the statue of **Honesty**, thus mauled and mutilated by the various inroads that had been made upon it.—Imagine not, Spectators, that this bust of **Honesty** is exhibited as if the real face would be a stranger to any one of this company,—no—She is only shewn here emblematically; the meaning of which is, that the manners of the times are such, as may put **Honesty** out of countenance.—Not as a companion, but as a contrast to the head of **Honesty**, is

No. 17. This, the head of **FLATTERY**, exhibited. The ancients had days they called **White or Lucky days**; thus it is with **Flattery**; to the fortunate she turns her white, her shining side; to the unfortunate she is ever in eclipse. Upon the approach of any ill fortune, **Flattery** generally runs into **Reproach**; the meaning of which is, that it is a reproach to our understandings to suffer **Flattery** yet we continue to accept the injury, though we despise the hand that offers it, not remembering that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

This Being, **Flattery**, was begot on **Poverty**, by **Wit**, which is the reason why poor wits are generally the greatest flatterers.

This

This Flattery was employed by the princes of the earth to carry their congratulations to one another; but being at a certain time dispatched by the Dutch with a card of compliments to the Hottentots, the ship she went in was taken by a pirate, the captain of which fell in love with Flattery, left off the sea for her sake, took an inn, set up, and made Flattery his bar-keeper; a gentleman arriving in those parts in pursuit of an heiress, and having tried all efforts in vain, at last purchased Flattery of the inn-keeper, and by her means gained the lady. But see the ingratitude of mankind! he had not been married a fortnight, before he kick'd Flattery out of doors, and from that time to this, she has had no settled place of abode, but is usually to be found at the beginning of courtship, and at the latter end of a petition. This Being, Flattery, was the occasion of the very first duel that ever was fought; She was placed at the top of a pyramid, in the middle of an highway where four roads met; two knights adventurers, the one from the North, the other from the South, arrived at the pyramid at the same instant; the hero from the South, who saw this white side, said it was a shame that a white, a silver profile, should be trusted on the highway side. The hero from the North who only saw this, said—why it is a black one! Flat contradictions produced fatal demonstrations; their swords flew out, and they cut and hued one another in a most unmerciful manner, till fainting with the loss of blood, they both fell down, each on the opposite side to that on which the combat began; when looking up, too late, they beheld their mistake. At this instant, a venerable hermit coming by, bound up their wounds, and replaced them upon their horses; giving them this piece of friendly advice, "That, henceforward, in all political disputes, and matters of a public nature, never to trust themselves till they had examined both sides of the question."

THE END.

THE PICTURE OF A PLAYHOUSE:

OR, BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

YE social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd, in merry groups ye sit;
Whether below ye glide the glitt'ring scene,
Or, in the upper regions oft' have been;
Ye Bucks, assembl'd at your Ranger's call,
Damme, I know ye—and have at ye all.
The motive here that sets our Bucks on fire,
The gen'rous wish, the first and last desire;
If you will plaud its echo to renown,
Or urg'd with fury, tear the benches down;
'Tis still the same—to one bright goal we haste,
To shew your judgment, and approve your taste.
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, damme,—Bucks exist but in a riot.
For instance now—to please the ear and charm the admiring
croud,
Your Bucks o'th' boxes sneer, and talk aloud;
To the green box next with joyous speed you run,
Hilly ho! ho! my Bucks! well damn it what's the fun?
Tho' Shakespear speaks—regardless of the play,
Ye laugh and loll the sprightly hours away;
For to seem sensible of real merit,
Oh, damme, it's low, it's vulgar—beneath us lads of spirit.
Your Bucks o'th' pit are miracles of learning,
Who point out faults to shew their own discerning;
And, critic like, bestriding martyr'd sense,
Proclaim their genius and vast consequence.
The side long row, whose keener views of bliss,
Are chiefly center'd in some favourite miss;
A set of jovial Bucks who here resort,
Flush from the tavern, reeling ripe for sport;
Wak'd from their dream, oft' join the general roar,
With bravo, bravo—bravissimo, et damme, encore.
Or skipping that, behold another row,
Supply'd by citizens or smiling beau;
Addressing Miss, whose cardinal protection,
Keeps her quite safe from ranc'rous detraction;
Whose lively eyes beneath a down-drawn hat,
Give him she loves a little—you know what.

Ye

Ye Bucks above, who range like gods at large,
 Nay, pray don't grin, but listen to your charge,
 You who design to change this scene of raillery,
 And out-talk players in the upper gallery:
 Oh! there's a youth, and one o'th' sprightly sort,
 I don't mean you—damme, you've no features for't.
 Who sily skulks to hidden station,
 While players follow their vocation,
 Whistle, off! off! off! Nofee, Roast Beef—there's education.
 Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',
 And set each country's little faults to view,
 In the right sense receive the well-meant jest,
 And keep the moral still within your breast;
 Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,
 Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end.

The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess!

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery,
 If we jumble together, music, poetry and history;
 The times to display in the days of Queen Bess, fir,
 Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless, fir.
 Oh! the golden days of good Queen Bess!
 Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess!

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas,
 With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering bravadoes;
 For we knew how to manage both the musket and the bow, fir,
 And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, fir.
 Oh! the golden days &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were thatch'd, fir,
 Our windows were lattic'd, our doors only latch'd fir,
 Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob, fir,
 That the hangman was starving for want of a job fir,
 Oh! the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies with large ruffs tied round about the neck fast,
 Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef steaks for their breakfast,
 While a close quill'd-up coif their noddles just did fit fir,
 And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, fir.
 Oh! the golden days &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow worsted hose, fir,
 With a large pair of whiskers, was the dress of our beaux, fir,
 Strong beer they prefer'd too, to claret or to hock, fir,
 And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir.
 Oh! the golden days &c.

Good neighbourhood then was as plenty as beef fir,
 And the poor from the rich never wanted relief fir,
 While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle and the plough fir,
 And honest men cou'd live by the sweat of their brow fir,

Oh! the golden days &c.

Then the folks ev'ry Sunday went twice at least to church fir,
 And never left the parson nor his sermon in the lurch fir,
 For they judg'd that the sabbath was for people to be good in fir,
 And thought it sabbath breaking if they din'd without a pudding fir.

Oh! the golden days &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were great fir,
 And the props of the nation were the pillars of the state fir;
 For the sov'reign and the subject one interest supported,
 And our powerful alliance by all powers then was courted.

Oh! the golden days &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives fir,
 Bright examples of glory to those who survive fir,
 May we, their descendants, pursue the same ways fir,
 That King George like Queen Bess, may have his golden days fir,
 And may a longer reign of glory and success,
 Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen Bess.

F I N I S.

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